

## Selected Poetry.

### HE IS LATE!

She watched at the porch.  
The sign is heavily down;  
What keeps her husband late?  
He should be back from town!  
One short, sweet year ago  
He never made her wait—  
As usual too early then,  
As usual too late!  
Had Heaven bestowed on me  
That little lady there,  
Whom love has made so sad,  
And sadness made so fair,  
Her hand, her cheek, her mouth,  
Should not for kisses wait;  
Were that sweet smile mine,  
I never could be late!

## THE TIN SAVINGS BANK.

### A TALE FOR HARD TIMES.

(We find in an exchange the following sketch, which may not be new to all our readers, but as it appears to be quite interesting and the lesson inculcated a good one, we give it a place in our columns.)

Charles Lynford was a young mechanic in good business. At the age of twenty-six he had taken to himself a wife, Caroline Lustig, the daughter of a neighbor, who had nothing to bring him except her own personal merits, which were many, and habits of thrift, learned in an economical household, under the stern teaching of necessity.

It was well, perhaps, that Charles Lynford should obtain a wife of this character, since he himself found it very difficult to save anything from his income.

It was not long before Caroline became acquainted with her husband's failing. She could not feel quite easy in the knowledge that they were living fully up to their income, foreseeing that a time would come when their family would grow more expensive, and perhaps her husband's business now flourishing, might become less so.

Accordingly one day she purchased of a tin peddler who came to the door, a little tin safe, such as children frequently use as a savings bank. This she placed conspicuously on the mantel-piece, so that her husband might be sure to see it on entering.

"Hallo, Carrie, what's that?" he asked, curiously.

"Only a little purchase I made to-day," said his wife.

"But what is it meant for?" he asked again.

"Let me illustrate," said his wife, playfully. "Have you a ten cent piece about you?"

Charles drew a dollar from his waist coat pocket, and his wife dropped it into the box through a little slit in the top.

Charles laughed.

"So you have taken to hoarding, Carrie? My little wife became a miser!"

"No, only a little prudent. But seriously, Charles, that is what I want you to do every day."

"What—drop a dime into this new-fangled arrangement of yours?"

"Exactly."

"Very well, that will be easy enough. A dime is no great sum. But may I know what you are going to do with this newly commenced hoard?"

"Lay it by for a rainy day," answered Caroline.

Charles laughed merrily.

"And what will a dime a day amount to?" enquired Charles.

"In a year it will amount—" commenced his wife, seriously.

"Never mind—spare me that calculation! It sounds too much like business, and I have enough of that during the day."

"But you don't object to my plan?"

"Not in the least. I have no doubt it is very prudent and commendable; but you know, Caroline, I never was gifted with much prudence."

"I am quite aware of that," said his wife, smiling.

This ended the conversation for the time. The plan inaugurated by the young wife was steadily carried out. She was not one of those of whom there are so many who enter upon a new plan zealously, but soon tired of it. In the present case she was thoroughly satisfied of the wisdom of her purpose, and resolved to carry it through.

Every morning she called upon her husband for a dime, which was forthwith added to the accumulation. Frequently he had not the exact change, and would toss her a quarter instead. She would assure him, laughingly, that this would answer her purpose equally as well.

More than once Charles would banter her on the subject of her little savings bank, but this she bore gallily. But these were not the only accessions the fund received. Her husband had early arranged to make an ample allowance for dress—I say ample, though I dare say some of my city readers might not have considered it so; but Caroline—who was in the habit of making up her own dresses—provided herself with a good wardrobe at a much less expense than some not so well versed in the science of managing could have done.

After considerable calculation she came to the conclusion that out of her allowances she should be able to make a daily deposit equal to that which she exacted of her husband. Of this, however, she thought it best, on the whole, not to inform Charles, enjoying in anticipation the prospect of being able, at some time, to surprise him with the unexpected amount of her savings.

At the close of every month the tin box was emptied, and the contents were transferred to a savings bank of more pretensions, where interest would be allowed. When the sums deposited here became large enough, Mrs. Lynford, who had considerable business capacity, withdrew them and invested in bank and other stocks which would yield a good per cent. Of her mode of manage-

ment, her husband remained in complete ignorance. Nor did he ever express any desire to be made acquainted with his wife's management. He was an easy, careless fellow, spending as he went, enjoying the present and not feeling any particular concern in regard to the future.

At the end of eight years, during which he had been unusually favored by prosperity in business and uninterrupted health, his books showed that he had not exceeded his income, but that on the other hand he had saved absolutely nothing. Twenty-five cents alone stood to his credit.

"Running pretty close, isn't it, Carrie?" he said, laughingly. "I take credit to myself for keeping on the right side of the line. But, then, I suppose you have saved up an immense sum."

"How much do you think?" asked his wife.

"O, perhaps a hundred dollars," said Charles Lynford, carelessly; "though it would take a good many dimes to do that."

His wife smiled, but did not volunteer to enlighten him as to the correctness of his conjecture.

So things went on till at length came the panic of 1857—a panic so recent that it will be remembered by many readers of this sketch. It will be remembered how universally trade and business of every kind were depressed at this period—among others, the trade which occupied Charles Lynford suffered.

One evening he came home looking quite serious—an expression which seldom came over his cheerful face.

Caroline, who had watched the signs of the times, was not unprepared to see this. She had expected that her husband's business would be affected.

"What is the matter, Charles?" she asked, cheerfully.

"The matter is that we shall have to economize greatly."

"Anything unfavorable turned up in business matters?"

"I should think there had. I shall have but a half day's work for some time to come and I am afraid that even this will fail before long. You haven't an idea, Carrie, how dull every kind of business has become."

"I think I have," said his wife, quietly.

"I have read the papers carefully, and have been looking out for something of this kind."

"Do you think you can reduce our expenses one-half?" asked her husband, doubtfully.

"Both of us are well supplied with clothing, and shall not need any more for a year, at least. That will cut off considerable expense; then there are a great many little superfluities you are accustomed to buy—little things you are kind enough to bring home to me frequently, which I can do very well without. Then we can live more plainly—have less pies and cakes, and I have no doubt it will be an improvement so far as health is concerned."

"What a calculator you are, Carrie!" said her husband, feeling considerably easier in mind. "I really think, after all you have said, that it won't be so hard to live on half our usual income—for the present, at least. But," and his countenance again changed, "suppose my work should entirely fail—I suppose you couldn't reduce our expenses to nothing at all, could you?"

"That certainly surpasses my powers," said his wife, smiling; "but even in that case there is no ground for discouragement. You have not forgot our savings bank, have you?"

"Why, no, I didn't think of that," said her husband. "I suppose that would keep off starvation for a few weeks."

His wife smiled.

"And in those few weeks," she added, "business might revive."

"To be sure," said her husband. "Well, I guess it'll be all right—I'll not trouble myself about it any longer."

The apprehensions to which Charles Lynford gave expression proved to be only too well founded. In less than a month from the date of the conversation just recorded, the limited supply of work which he had been able to secure entirely failed and he found himself without work of any kind—thrown back upon his own resources.

Although he had anticipated this, it seemed unexpected when it actually came upon him, and again he turned home in a fit of discouragement. He briefly explained to his wife the new calamity which had come upon him.

"And the worst of it is," he added, "there is no hope of better times till Spring."

"Do you think business will revive, then?" asked his wife.

"It must by that time, but there are five or six months between. I don't know how we are to live during that time."

"I do," said his wife, quietly.

"You!" exclaimed her husband, in surprise.

"Yes, your income has never been more than six or seven hundred dollars a year, and I have no doubt we can live six months for two hundred and fifty dollars."

"Yes, certainly; but where is that money to come from? I don't want to run in debt, and if I did, I shouldn't know where to borrow."

"Fortunately, there is no need of it," said Mrs. Lynford. "You seem to forget our little savings bank."

"But is it possible it can amount to two hundred and fifty dollars?" exclaimed Charles, in surprise.

"Yes, and six hundred more," said his wife.

"Impossible!"

"Wait a minute and I will prove it."

Caroline withdrew a moment, and then reappeared with several certificates of bank and railroad shares, amounting to eight hundred dollars, and a bank book in which the balance was deposited to her credit.

"Are you quite sure you haven't had a legacy?" demanded Charles in amazement. "Surely a dime a day has not produced this?"

"No, but two dimes a day have, with a little extra deposit now and then. I think, Charles, we shall be able to ward off starvation for a time."

"And this I owe to your prudence," said Charles, gratefully. "How can I ever repay you?"

Charles Lynford remained out of employment for some months, but in the Spring, as he anticipated, business revived, and he was once more in receipt of his old income.

More than two-thirds of the fund was still left, and henceforth Charles was no less assiduous than his wife in striving to increase it.

The little tin savings bank still stands on the mantel-piece, and never fails to receive a deposit daily.

## Industrial Love-Making.

Two young turtle doves, wandering with pinions entwined among the labyrinthine and bowers of the Exposition buildings in Cincinnati were heard to coo thusly:

She—"Do you indeed love me true?"

He—"True as the needle to the sewing machine, or the most accurate case of mathematical apparatus on exhibition. When I look at you my heart warms like a heating stove, and beats like a steel hammer."

She—"I can believe you then?"

He—"Don't doubt burglar-proof safes and plated ware, wax-work, millinery and safety valves, but never doubt my love."

She—"Dearest Claude!"

He—"Your love-lit glances stir the waters of my heart like a turbine water wheel. You are the sublimated agricultural machinery of my spiritual exposition. You are the cultivator of my mortal existence, the seed drill for grains of purest thought, the reaper of golden harvests of affection, and the mowman, more to me than all the other girls in Cincinnati."

She—"Administering a roughish fan tap?"

He—"Perhaps I can prove you Thackeray too."

She—"Well, and if you do, you will find me as docile in your hands as pine wood in the grasp of wood-workers, or dilapidated textiles in rag machinery."

She—"Your heart will never wander from me?"

He—"My sweet sugar evaporator, as soon expect to see a patent saw mill wandering in the galleries, or steam boilers and tobacco machines promenading arm in arm through the hall? You, and you alone occupy the apartments of my heart. You are alike tenant, guest and regular boarder, besides being furniture, upholstery and miscellaneous house-furnishing goods."

She—"I must; I will believe you! Ah, Claude! your words are dearer to me than a season ticket to the Exposition, and sweeter than the sweetest bouquet in the millinery department, or honey in the currant-bush. But can I rely upon your constancy?"

He—"Constant as the fall of water over you cascade, and in devotion as regular as a set of artificial teeth. If you refuse to believe me and smooth out the wrinkles in my heart with your spiritual ironing apparatus, you will mangle and wringer!"

She—"Do you respect as well as love?"

He—"I respect you because you do not despise washing apparatus and cooking stoves; but disdain chemicals, paints and cotton. You would rank among patens in the ladies' department, and for appearance there is no such carriage as yours in the class of land conveyance."

She—"See the inconstant throng, how they fit from one object to another; now stopping to fondle a pegging machine or an automatic boiler feeder, and again passing to inhale the fragrance of washing machines and plug tobacco. So it is, I fear, with men who profess to love."

He—"Dearest Pauline! you wrong me. In comparison with you all other women appear as a ten-cent hack ride from the post-office corner. They are but toys and fancy goods to me, while to them I am but a refrigerator! There is no man among mortals that can undermine you in frames in which your image is alone encaused, and if you will place my name upon your books as a life partner, you can count me as both stationery and binding."

After such extravagant courting as the above, we can't see how to prevent this devoted couple from going through life's industrial exposition together.—The Ed Contributor.

## Importance of Reading.

No matter how obscure the position in life of an individual, if he can read, he may at will put himself in the best society the world has ever seen. He may converse with the greatest heroes of the past; with all the writers in prose and poetry. He may learn how to live, how to avoid the errors of his predecessors, and to secure blessings, present and future, to himself. He may reside in a desert far away from the habitation of man; in solitude, where no human eye looks upon him with affection or interest, where no human voice cheers him with animating tones, if he has books to read he can never be alone. He may choose his company, and the subject of conversation, and thus become contented and happy, intelligent, wise and good.

We should make it a principle to extend the hand of fellowship to every man who discharges faithfully his duties, manifests an interest in the welfare of society, whose deportment is upright, and whose mind is intelligent, without stopping to enquire whether he swings a hammer or not. There is nothing so distant from all natural feeling and national claim as the reluctant, backward sympathy, the forced smile, the checkered conversation, the hesitating complaisance, which some are apt to manifest to those a little down, with whom in comparison of intellect and principles of virtue, they frequently sink into insignificance.

Mr. BIERSTADT's great picture, "Donner Lake from the Summit," on which he has been engaged for more than a year, was on exhibition in San Francisco for a few days, and was sent east on the 20th inst. The point of view is near the line of the Central Pacific railroad. Donner Lake lying some 1,500 feet below, embedded in a basin of gray granite and shaggy coniferous woods. The picture is said to be very successful. Bierstadt's "Mount Hood" was also sent east on the 20th.

## Magnifying Eyes.

A boy with microscopic eyes is the latest scientific wonder in England. He possesses the faculty of seeing minute objects magnified to a marvelous degree. His eyes were diseased when he was young, and he came near losing his sight, which, however, he gradually recovered. It was found, however, that the internal structure of the eye had been changed, the cornea being greatly enlarged, the crystalline lens being divided into three different parts, each part being surrounded with a light blue circle; and in the center of each appears the iris, diminished to the size of a pin's head. The patient cannot distinguish objects at a distance, they appearing blurred and misshapen. The magnifying power of vision is stated at 500 diameters. A curious fact is that he will never examine water, having once discovered the vast number of infusoria contained in some which he was drinking, and the sight of which thoroughly frightened him. The lad, it should be mentioned, has a wonderful talent for drawing and coloring with great accuracy the objects which come beneath his inspection. The case is under the particular attention of Sir Charles Madden, F. R. S., and of Dr. Crowder, the eminent oculist.

Prof. JOHN WISE, the well known exponent in contemplation of making a balloon trip across the Atlantic next summer, preparation for the great aerial voyage being in course of arrangement now. The professor, it will be remembered, made the famous air trip from St. Louis to the eastern extremity of Lake Ontario, a distance of over 200 miles, in the short space of nineteen hours, or at the rate of about sixty-three miles an hour. He feels entirely confident of his ability to make the quickest time on record across the Atlantic.

THERE was a piece of solemn fun in the United States Senate recently at the opening of the session. The Chaplain was too late for prayers, and the Clerk, after a moment's hesitation, commenced the reading of the journal, whereupon Senator Flanagan, perhaps to show that Texas policy is mechanical, arose and stood in a devout attitude, until reminded by the laughter of his fellow Senators that the Clerk is not the pastor.

BROMPTON, a conductor on the New Haven & Hartford railroad, is a gentleman, but timid whiff. The other day he received a telegram for one of his passengers, and going to the car door he timidly inquired, "Is there a Home in this car?" For an instant there was no response, when a little gentleman squealed out, "Why don't you use a boot leg?" This gave Brompton so much confidence that he bribed a brakeman to canvass the other cars.

STRAIN is a ridiculous word. When it stands for a song it means sound. When it stands for a strain it means Unsound. It may have a sound sense, but it has a deal of nonsense about it too.

"Aw! how duth you like my mustache, Miss Laura?" lisped a dandy to a merry girl. "Oh, very much. It looks like the fur on the back of a caterpillar."

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